

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

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SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

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(New York Press.)
TARIFF PICTURES.

"Pull down the tariff walls and let Southern cotton growers have the markets of the world!" cries the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch. And yet in eleven months of 1890 we imported \$29,963,387 worth of cotton goods that we ought to have made in this country. In the same months of 1891 we imported only \$23,771,445 cotton manufactures, showing that the market of the American cotton planter.—And Adam Smith, the author of the free trade Bible, says that the home market is best for the farmer. The McKinley law will do much better than that for the Southern cotton planters if they will make their representatives in Congress let it alone.

PATRIOTIC OPINIONS.

The following from the New York Sun, the great and respectable Democratic paper of the Empire State, exhibits a patriotism that has not been shown and is not possessed by the San Francisco Examiner, Oakland Times, and other Democratic papers of California, and the country is to be congratulated that influential papers like the Sun and Chicago Herald, the leading Democratic paper of Illinois, are above party when the honor of the American flag is in question. In politics the Examiner seems to be playing second fiddle to the New York World:

Chili has exercised her option, and she has chosen peace. The event justifies every measure of preparation for war that has been taken. It is solely because we were ready for war that war was averted. Of the patriotism, wisdom and firmness of General Harrison's policy throughout the affair there is no more doubt than of the patriotic readiness of the Democratic House to support the administration. The President and his distinguished Secretary of State "deserve the gratitude of the nation." It is worth a hundred million dollars to this country to have the world understand that there is a country, and a united country, behind the flag.

And here is what the Chicago Herald has to say on the Chilean trouble, and our California Democratic papers can receive a lesson in patriotism from it:

The Democratic majority in the lower House of Congress should endeavor to deal with this question as creditably as the President has done. The people expect that much and will be content with no less from their representatives. Any exhibition of partisan indifference toward the President's message will be noted and at the proper time rebuked. The fire in the message is not susceptible of being snuffed out by indecorous treatment.

The action of the President and of Congress on the result of the diplomatic negotiations will go far toward determining whether, after all our boasting on the subject, there really exists in this country a proper national spirit. That action will have an undoubted effect on the pride of citizenship which most of our people surely possess. It is important to know in what regard the status of an American citizen may be safely held abroad, whether one is entitled as a citizen or wears the uniform of a soldier. They are fools who characterize the prospect of a report to extreme measures with Chili as a species of bullying. The United States have never indulged in the bullying business. The matter to be determined is not Chili's size or importance, but the magnitude of her crime and the grievousness of her offense. There is more at issue than the death of two sailors and the insults of Chilean diplomacy. It involves patriotism—not the pretended sort, which extends itself in protestations of our superiority and carrying criticism of our rulers, but the pure and genuine type, which prompts a man to offer his life in defense of his fellow countrymen and his country's honor.

Wild cats, dressed, are now a feature of the San Francisco game market, and are being served up as a "piece de resistance" in some of the low-priced Mongolian and other cheap hash dispensaries. The Caucasian who is in the habit of having his grub vouched for before he indulges has not yet been known to insist on wild cat as a regular thing, be it either stewed or roasted. But this is a progressive age, and there is no telling what two or three cups of fat and juicy wild cats may bring forth in the way of changing the popular taste.—S. F. Grocer and Country Merchant.

The San Francisco restaurants might try coyote meat for a change of diet for their customers. As long as the State bounty is on there would be no danger of the supply giving out, and as they live on mutton, fattened on Mono's mountain grasses, and chickens, such meat, under a French name, would be very palatable to the San Francisco "Four Hundred."

There are always some people who are never satisfied with what they have. The bankers are now growling at the new half-dollar, which they say won't "stack well" on account of the Goddess of Liberty having a high-check bone. If they don't want them, send them up to Mono.

A band of cattle thieves has been captured in Butte county. They stole cattle on the other side of the mountains, drove them into Nevada and then shipped them to San Francisco with other cattle.

JACKSON A PROTECTIONIST.

In his "Jackson Day," January 8th, speech, Grover Cleveland entered into considerable detail in eulogizing "Old Hickory" and insisted that his example should be followed by Democrats of the present day. Inasmuch as Mr. Cleveland spoke particularly of Jackson's fidelity to duty and courage, it seems singular that he should overlook and ignore the most striking and significant illustration of those virtues supplied by General Jackson during the whole course of his Administration. It was in 1823 when the free trade Democrats of South Carolina, led by United States Senator John C. Calhoun, failing in their efforts to compel the repeal of the protective tariff, determined to strike it down that they encountered a lion in the way in the person of General Jackson. "By the God of Heaven, I will uphold the laws," he exclaimed, as he took his clay pipe from his mouth and shivered it on a table in the White House. He was as good as his word, as the free trade Democrats of the South soon learned. He immediately sent General Scott to take command and prevent opposition to the collection of the tariff duties. Co-operating with Jackson, Congress passed an act to strengthen his hands in the enforcement of the law, and while this measure was greeted throughout the South with cries of "force bill" and "bloody bill," it proved, in fact, to have enough "force" in it to attain its purpose and vindicate national authority against the attempt to impair and degrade it. Perhaps Cleveland did not allude to this event in Jackson's career for the reason that it displays "Old Hickory" as the political progenitor of that class of loyal, patriotic "war Democrats," who, thirty years later, found their way into the Republican party, there permanently to remain. It was a good opportunity for Cleveland to impress upon his fellow countrymen the iron will of Jackson when he crushed treason in 1833. He might have said that Jackson was determined that the law should be put into execution, not against misguided followers, but against Calhoun, the chief conspirator; that Calhoun, hearing that Jackson had resolved on his prosecution and trial, and, if convicted, his execution for treason, sent Letcher, of Kentucky, to confer with him, and learn his real intentions; that the President received Letcher with his usual courtesy, explained the situation, and with eyes kindled that night with unquenched fire, concluded by telling him that if another step was taken, "by the Eternal!" he would try Calhoun for treason, and, if convicted, he would hang him on a gallows as high as Haman; that Letcher saw that Jackson was terribly in earnest, and hastened to Calhoun, who had retired, but received him sitting in bed; that Letcher detailed all that occurred, giving entire the conversation with Jackson, and described the old hero as he took that oath; that the arch traitor trembled like an aspen leaf, not from fear or cowardice, but from the consciousness of guilt, and that within one week he went into the Senate and voted for every section of Henry Clay's bill, and Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his "crime." Cleveland might, also, have stated that during the last days of General Jackson at the Hermitage, while slowly sinking from consumption, he inquired of his physician: "What act of my Administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?" The physician replied that it might be the removal of the deposits, or the specie circular. Oh! no, not at all; I can tell you," said Jackson, rising in his bed, his eyes kindling up. "I can tell you; posterity will condemn me more because I was persuaded not to hang John C. Calhoun as a traitor, than for any other act in my life." But, Cleveland did not tell this—it was not to be heard there.

BLAINE NOT A CANDIDATE.

James G. Blaine has been the equal of Henry Clay, whom his admirers called "Harry of the West," in the love and admiration of the people of this country. and it has been the ambition of a majority of his countrymen to see him at the head of our Government as their President, a position he was honestly elected to, but was counted out by the scoundrels manipulating the votes of the city of New York, and by the same class of men now working to place the demagogue Hill in that exalted position.

But the great desire of the American people to see him their President is not to be realized, Mr. Blaine having written a letter to Hon. J. S. Clarkson, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, announcing that he is not a candidate. The following is his letter, which shows his patriotism and true Republicanism:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1892.

Hon. J. S. Clarkson, Chairman Republican National Committee.

My Dear Sir: I am not a candidate for the presidency. My name will not go before the Republican National Convention for the nomination. I make this announcement in due season. To those who have tendered me their support I owe sincere thanks and am most grateful for their confidence. They will, I am sure, make an earnest effort in the approaching contest, which is rendered especially important by reason of industrial and financial policies of the government being at stake. A popular decision on these issues is of great moment and will be of far reaching consequence. Very sincerely yours, JAMES G. BLAINE.

This leaves a clear field for Harrison, who will undoubtedly be nominated at Minneapolis by acclamation, and if so selected for another term, his election is assured.

Too Costly.

The Woodland Democrat is agitating a repeal of the law allowing the Supreme Court of this State to hold its sessions in Sacramento, San Francisco and Los Angeles, instead of confining its sessions to the Capitol of the State. It gives a table, showing the expense of the Court to have amounted to the enormous sum of \$263,104 75, by holding sessions in San Francisco and Los Angeles, all of which could have been saved to this State by confining their sessions to Sacramento, the Capital of the State, where their sessions should always be held. This large amount of money has been expended within the past thirteen years, an average of \$20,239 82 a year for traveling expenses of the Judges, rent of Court rooms, librarians, etc. The platform of the parties next Summer should demand a reform in this particular, and stop of this unnecessary expense.

Lively Campaign.

A steamer recently arrived at New Orleans from New York with 1000 Winchester rifles and thirteen boxes of cartridges addressed to A. W. Crandall, Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee of New Orleans. These arms are to be used to insure a Democratic victory in Louisiana, as that party is determined to have a fair count. What a Democratic howl would have gone up all over the country had the Republican State Central Committee received such a contribution. This portends a very lively campaign in that State next Summer.

A Big Claim.

Dr. D. M. Edwards, of Fremont, Neb., lays claim to the most valuable property in New York.

The foundation for his claim is that Robert Edwards, his great-grandfather, in 1730 emigrated from Wales, and secured 1700 acres on Manhattan Island, which he leased to the British Government shortly afterward. When the country's independence was recognized the lease was transferred to the United States for ninety years. The expiration of the lease recently was notified by officers at Stanley, Wales, where it was recorded, and resulted in the family heirs being looked up.

It is said that for several weeks lawyers have been investigating the case, and assert that if title can be established to the property its value will be \$450,000,000. Dr. Edwards is interested in important litigations in London and is wealthy.

New Signal.

A new system of railway signals has been adopted by the Southern Pacific Company, says the Napa Register. Hereafter, fixed signals will be placed at each station on the Company's lines. This will consist of a pole, on which an adjustable arm, extending out over the track, will be fixed. When the arm is up it will signify danger and the track will be closed to an approaching train, which must wait until the arm is dropped. This will mean that the track is clear. At night colored lights placed on the pole will serve the same purposes as the arm.

The train robber who was shot at Pleasanton, Kan., on January 23d, has been identified as James Francis, a cousin of Governor Francis, of Missouri, and greatly resembles the Governor. He was heir to a large estate near Baltimore, which had been left in trust by his father, Francis getting the income. The two robbers were professional gamblers and had plenty of money.

A certain Mr. Brown recently opened a small grocery store up town and as it was entirely new to him he was rather awkward. One day a stranger came in to buy something and the proprietor was unusually clumsy. "Ah, you at the business?" suggested the customer kindly. "No, Brown," and the customer went about his business.—Detroit Free Press.

It is reported that the cattle stenciled on the feet pulp from the beet sugar factory at Chico have turned out most satisfactory. The beet is as juicy and tender as any of the best Eastern stuff, and is in great demand in the section where it is produced.

The anti-Hill boom is on the increase in New York. Waterman, of the Louisville Journal, pours hot shot into the rank of the New York Democracy. He thinks the country has had enough of their facial fights.

Chas. Motlaine, the New York mercer, was electrocuted at Sing Sing Prison Monday. New York seems to be getting rid of her murderers faster than Carlin does.

The Austrian Government has decided to postpone the proposed international jubilee art exhibition until 1894 in fear that it may not clash with the World's Fair at Chicago.

The Democrats of Iowa will push Governor Boies, of that State, as a candidate for President. The New York boss is not to have a walk over in the National Convention.

The steamer Humboldt lost her rudder in crossing the bar at Eureka last week and had to make her way to San Francisco with a jury rudder.

John W. Tobin, a painter of San Francisco, committed suicide on May 1 by jumping from the Oakland boat.

A lady guest at the Del Monte Hotel, Monterey, when it was burned, lost wearing apparel and jewelry amounting to \$9,339 75. She sued the hotel company and got judgment in the lower court. The Pacific Improvement Company appealed it to the Supreme Court, holding that the lady should have left her valuables with the hotel clerk to be placed in the safe. She claimed that the clothing and jewels were necessary for her personal use. One of the Departments of the Court affirmed the judgment of the lower Court, and the company applied for a rehearing by the Court in banc, which was granted, and the Court affirmed the judgment of the judgment. It virtually says that guests are not compelled to place their valuables in the hotel safes.

The next State Fair is to commence at Sacramento on September 5th. It continues two weeks.

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RICH D. GRAY, T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Traffic Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.
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GELATT'S BRIDGEPORT LINE.

Carrying the United States Mail.

On and after JULY 1st, 1891, will leave GENOA (On ARRIVAL OF STAGES FROM CARSON) MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Connecting at HOLBROOK'S, on above days, for TOPAZ, COLEVILLE and BRIDGEPORT.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS for Coleville, Topaz and Holbrook's. CONNECTING WITH STAGES FOR Genoa and Carson. R. GELATT, Proprietor.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the EASTWALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:
Buggy team, loaded wagon and two animals, \$1 50
Each additional pair of animals, 50
Horseman, each, 25
Pack animals, each, 25
Hogs and sheep, each, 5
Loose stock, each, 5
Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of toll on the BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:
No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.
All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, no credit is given.
Buggy team, loaded wagon and two animals, \$1 50
Each additional pair of animals, 50
Horseman, each, 25
Pack animals, each, 25
Hogs and sheep, each, 5
Loose stock, each, 5
Empty teams, half-price.

ANTELOPE TOLL ROAD.

RATES OF TOLL.
Horse and buggy, 75
Double team, 1 00
Additional span, 50
Horseman, 25
Loose stock, 5
174-47 WILLIAM PRICE.

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ALLEN HOUSE,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.
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my20-1f LEWIS A. MURPHY.

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THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.
The Table cannot Be Excelled.
THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS.
Being Heated and Kept scrupulously Clean.
Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,
SAMUEL FALES, Proprietor.
JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS,
(45 miles from Sonora and 30 from Bodie)
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This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For hireable the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS.
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the bar.
Good Fishing in Walker River.
Commodious Stabling. my22-1f

BARNETT'S HOTEL,
COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.
Antelope Wagon Road, 30 miles from Carson City and 61 from Bodie.
D. M. BARNETT, Proprietor.

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The table is supplied with the best of food and liquors.
The bar is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
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LEGAL.

SUMMONS.
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.
MRS. CLARA MAGGIE KOHL, Plaintiff, vs. FRED. ALBERT KOHL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.
BEN H. MILLER, Plaintiff's Attorney.
The People of the State of California and Greeting to:

FRED. ALBERT KOHL, Defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the said county of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, exclusive of the day of service, after the service on you of this summons—if served in this county, or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days. The said action is brought to obtain a Decree of the Hon. Superior Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the Plaintiff herein; that said Plaintiff be permitted to resume her maiden name of Clara Maggie Kadiy; that you be required to pay a reasonable sum of money into this Court to defray the costs and expenses of this action and of the fees that you be further required to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of thirty dollars, and such other time as the Hon. Court may deem just during the pendency of this action, and for general relief. All of which will more fully appear on reference to the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred, a copy of which accompanies this summons.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Hon. Court for the relief therein demanded, in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, this 18th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.
J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.

Indorsed:
No. 383. Superior Court, County of Mono.
C. M. Kohl, Plaintiff, vs. F. A. Kohl, Defendant.
Summons.
Filed Nov. 17th, 1891.
J. D. MURPHY, Clerk.
BEN H. MILLER, Plaintiff's Attorney, 222-2m

MISCELLANEOUS.

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BLACKSMITH AND
WAGON MAKER.

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MONO COUNTY.

ADVERTISE

IN THE

CHRONICLE-UNION.

A CLEAN FAMILY JOURNAL.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

W. H. Sullivan, of Boston, a nephew of the late William Mooney, arrived on Sunday to look after his interest in the Mooney estate.

F. P. Willard and E. C. Blanchard were over from Bodie on Wednesday.

A. D. Botsford, George W. Esh and E. Hubbard, of Lundy, were here on Wednesday.

W. H. Metcalf, of Reddy, Campbell & Metcalf, of San Francisco, arrived on Galat's stage Tuesday evening, on legal business, and returned by the same conveyance yesterday.

A. F. Bryant will arrive home from San Francisco this evening on Galat's stage. County Clerk Murphy took W. H. Metcalf up to Fales' Hot Springs yesterday afternoon.

O. Taylor, of Lundy, is in town.

TRIAL JURORS.—The following names of good and true Mono taxpayers have been placed in the trial jury box for future reference; but it is to be hoped there will be no occasion to open the box again this year:

W. J. Hostkins, J. L. Hunt, M. J. Carney, J. R. Crawford, Henry Carney, William Dickson, Pios Fehrenbach, A. Goons, Stewart Kirkwood, Emory Kirkwood, R. A. Marcor, L. A. Murphy, John McAllister, Jesse McGath, Chas. W. Riekey, William Riekey, J. L. Langrell, Wm. Riekey, F. M. Richardson, Henry Smith, S. M. Smith, B. L. Stummons, J. A. Schell, Martin Shields, A. J. Severe, A. Taylor, Wm. Witherill, John Westwood, Louis Autiot, Peter Anderson, Oliver Bertrand, Dan. M. and H. F. Barnett, J. Becker, A. B. Burnside, Richard Bernard, W. P. Braudon, P. Curtis, John Cluff, H. C. Corran, I. N. Clonetta, George Clonetta, Joseph Carney, O. H. Currie, L. W. Dechambeau, E. Deleas, John Dawson, J. A. Matty, George W. Esh, Sam. Fales, Wm. Frost, G. Feleins, Sheldon Frost, John Fridell, R. R. Fouke, Peter Geelboed, N. H. Gregory, J. L. Gullickson, A. Gardella, Fred. Glunz, S. W. Gregory, A. F. Hector, J. D. Hammond, Thos. Dobbins, C. E. Heath, P. G. Hughes, M. Huntson, M. Huntson, D. E. Jones, W. H. Russell, Thos. Kirkwood, Wood Larson, Otto Larson, W. A. B. Looze, W. O. Lundy, H. L. Leavitt, L. D. Ladd, James Logan, A. Maranville, J. M. Miller, Orrin Miller, Pat. Rogan, E. A. Murphy, A. McQuaid, A. McKeever, John McKay, Stephen O'Brien, Edward Perry, M. G. Petralli, J. Powell, Jasper Parrett, P. Parameter, B. Peeler, Frank Lucas, J. H. Patterson, J. Bafferty, Paul Rouse, O. H. Strickland, T. Sly, Thomas Sylvester, Joe Scanovini, C. M. Stewart, James Sincamon, Zeah Smith, C. H. Taylor, E. Terry, C. Thelviorg, Z. B. Tinkum, George Troy, J. W. Towle, J. O. Wheeler, H. P. Wilson, Paul Voleberg, J. A. Williams, D. O. Walte, M. M. Walte, and A. D. Walte.

For good and sufficient reasons the names of the grand jurors will not be published.

A HAT RIDE.—Last evening a large mob of our young people boarded several hayrack sleighs and had a sleigh ride to the Walte ranch. They took an organ along, and plenty of provender to regale the inner man "early in the morning," and generally well prepared themselves for a merry time. The Brass Band went along and gave them some good music. The milk house was taken possession of, the organ placed in position, and Professor Heath, manipulating the keys, quickly filled the floor with dancers. Those not dancing passed the time pleasantly with parlor games and social converse. The Walte family made their visit a very pleasant one, and they returned to their homes between four and five o'clock this morning, all highly delighted with the ride and their entertainment.

MARRIED.—Thos. C. Sharpe, and Mrs. Maggie Gallagher, both of Clinton, were married Thursday evening at the residence of Superior Judge W. H. Virden, Judge performing the ceremony in the presence of a few friends. The Chronicle-Union offers its congratulations to the newly wedded.

SHILL IT.—If our county is too poor to pay for firing the flag pole on the Court House, it had better sell the American flag, as it has not been hoisted on that building for nearly a year. It is simply disgraceful.

POCOON.—We have had several crops of pogoons this week. Yesterday morning it was very heavy. It is well to keep close mouthed "in the morning," as the pogoons bring on pneumonia.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. Alohe Hudgens, of Bodie, will be in Bridgeport on March 1st, to remain two weeks. Those wishing the Doctor's services should not fail to call and see him at once.

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday, while chopping a stump, W. F. Brandon was struck severely in the left eye by a chip, but the wound is not considered serious.

It is said that an enormous sun spot can be seen on that great luminary by the aid of smoked glass.

FOR SALE.—A second-hand high-arm Doan's sewing machine for sale very cheap by Thomas Fales.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Yesterday, being Lincoln's birthday, a good audience assembled at the School House after the noon recess for the purpose of celebrating the day that gave to the country the great and good Abraham Lincoln. Prof. Hampton arranged to have the pupils take part in the observance of the Day. A large number of parents and others were present and listened with pleasure during the first hour to the spelling and reading of the pupils, who acquitted themselves well. Then came calisthenics, which exercise was cleverly gone through. Miss Gracie Morgan playing an accompaniment on the organ. The scholars kept good time, and we watched closely, but did not detect a single false motion. It was a very creditable exhibition. The school then had a short recess and on re-assembling Prof. Hampton called attention to the portraits of Lincoln and Garfield drawn on the blackboard by Hattie Hawks from small photographs. They were fairly good likenesses, and the lettering by Frank Wedertz was excellent. Charles Schuman then read a sketch of the life of Lincoln, followed by Clarence Wedertz with the "Surrender of Lee, and death of Lincoln." Miss Lily Kirkwood read the Second Inaugural Address of Lincoln, and was followed by Miss Addie Donnell with "Our Lincoln's Act Immortal."

Superior Judge W. H. Virden was then introduced and addressed the children at considerable length, and read extracts from Blaine, "Twenty Years in Congress," and from Garfield's works relative to Lincoln. His remarks were listened to with great attention by all and particularly by the children. Judge H. M. Eddy then spoke briefly, but eloquently, and was followed by Chas. L. Hayes, who exhorted the children to do what was right, and do it well; that in this country they stood as good a show of becoming a President, as many of those who have been. W. T. Elliott was much pleased with the exercises and thought the children should be educated in the lives of our great men. B. M. Folger encouraged the youngsters by telling them of Martin Van Buren being once a little barefooted, red-headed boy running in the streets of Hudson, N. Y. and that perhaps some day of our bright Bridgeport boys might be President in time. County Clerk J. D. Murphy recommended that a portion of a school day in each week be devoted to the history of our country and its great men.

Prof. Hampton complimented the scholars on the good work they were doing; that they had never worked harder than they have this term, and promised to devote an hour every Saturday to the history of the lives of the great men of America. He asked the people of Bridgeport to visit the school any day during working hours. Those present expressed great satisfaction with the efforts of the scholars, and with the exercises generally, which were all impromptu, no time for preparation having been given.

The children learned more about our great men yesterday than they had ever heard before, and it was an excellent lesson for them.

WILL CELEBRATE.—As there will be no school on Washington's Birthday, the school will observe the Day on the 23d by exercises pertinent to the occasion. Our citizens are invited.

The San Francisco Postoffice site business still hangs fire, and it is said the time is nearly up when the appropriation for its purchase will revert to the Treasury, and then San Francisco will have another big fight on hand to secure another appropriation to buy a site. There is no site in San Francisco that will suit everybody, and over which there will be no fight, so the Government would serve that city about right if it refused to buy a new site, and remodeled the old Postoffice on Washington and Battery streets.

The English papers continue to abuse the United States, and the London Times continues to publish lies from its Chilean correspondent relative to Minister Egan. The time may come when the American people will be able to settle with England, and if it ever does, the settlement will be a good one, and she won't forget it very soon.

Richard H. Wittington, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Sacramento, and well known throughout the State as the manufacturer of the soap known as the "King of Soap," died in that city on Monday, aged 73. He was one of God's Noble men, and it can be truly said that this world has been better for having him in it.

The Nucleus building on Market street, San Francisco, opposite the O'Brien building, has been purchased by Hearst, of the Examiner for \$500,000. The transfer will be made in May.

Carlyle W. Harris, the New York medical student who poisoned his young wife, has been sentenced to death. He is a young scoundrel and highly connected.

A VERY COMMON WANT.

"Out of sorts," "distract," "the blues," these are familiar appellatives for uncomfortable, undefinable sensations, accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion. Poverty of the blood to remedy which an effective stomachic persistently used is the paramount need, is conclusive evidence that the system is insufficiently nourished—and for no other cause where organic disease does not exist—the food is not assimilated. Reinforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthful secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over thirty years this popular medicine has supplied the common want of the nervous invalid, the dyspeptic and of persons deficient in vitality, an efficient tonic. To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and grippe. Thoroughly effective in it too for rheumatism, kidney complaint and neuralgia.

What Becomes of Coins.

Pennies are like pins; no one knows what becomes of them, yet they vanish somewhere. Last year the Philadelphia mint coined ninety-four millions of pennies, yet now it is hard at work manufacturing fresh supplies. Bronze cents are subject to more accidents than happen to any other United States coins. It is said that a penny changes hands in trade in the Eastern States ten times for once that a dime passes from one pocket to another. Being of small value, these little pieces are not taken much care of. There are a thousand ways in which they get out of circulation, and thus the minting of them has to be kept up continually. One may get a tolerably accurate notion of the number of pennies lost from the history of the old half cents. Of these eight hundred thousand were issued some fifty years ago. Where are they now? A few are in the cabinets of coin collectors. None have returned to the mint for recoinage, or are held by the Treasury. Nobody sees them in circulation. All of them, except some hundreds saved out by coin hoarders, have absolutely disappeared. Of the old copper pennies one hundred and nineteen million still remain unaccounted for, save that once in a long while one sees a specimen. There are more than two million bronze two-cent pieces somewhere, out of the four million five hundred thousand of them that the Government issued.—Exchange.

Wants A Wife.

Henry Patterson, a farmer living near Stanton, Mich., has been lately sending out a large number of letters to Mayors of prominent American cities. His wife died some time ago, and for two or three months of the winter he has been without a house-keeper, and his letters are all asking for a good wife. The letters are all the same and read as follows:

"I suppose you have more women in your city than are wanted there, and perhaps you know one that will make me a good wife and housekeeper. I do not want a city flirt or highbinder, for I am a moral man, 48 years old, and have \$6,000 worth of property, and ought to have a house-keeper. I would prefer a woman with property, but a poor one would do if she is one you can recommend as a good house-keeper, willing to live on a farm."

Mr. Patterson also specifies that the woman must be under 40 and must not weigh more than 125 pounds. He wishes to have a good wife sent on "C. O. D.," and promises to pay transportation charges upon her arrival. He mailed one of the letters to Mayor Grant of New York and one to Mayor Washburn of Chicago.

The heat along the coasts of the Red Sea almost realizes the famous East Indian story of a Calcutta man who, seeing his wife burned to ashes by the sun while bathing venturing out on the balcony after lunch, called out to his servant, "John, sweep up your mistress, and bring another bottle of champagne." A year or two ago one of the Italian generals of division in Egypt insisted, in spite of all remonstrances, on sending a detachment of 1,300 men across the open country in the daytime; and the result was that that terrible march ended not one man of the 1,300 was fit to shoulder his rifle, and not a few of them had died outright.

The Salt Lake Journal says that "the Rio Grande Western road has a strong corps of engineers in the Deep Creek country who are not only surveying a route, but are driving stakes and cross-sectioning the line. This looks like business, and we trust will result in the building of a railroad into that rich country next fall."

The Deep Creek mines are on the railroad route to San Francisco via Mono county, and we would not be surprised to see surveyors here next Summer staking out the route for the Rio Grande Western.

There is said to be nothing better for the complexion than to eat oranges and lemons. A famous French beauty of the past often ate as many as two dozen oranges in a single day. At the age of 80 her eyes were still bright and her complexion velvety, like that of a young girl. Hot water is much used in France to help the complexion and destroy wrinkles, and there was a famous English singer who never washed her face in any other way. There is a famous singer to-day, Mme. Patti, who is said never to wash her face in water.

"The Reaching Hand" is the title of a striking story, by H. M. Hoke, in the Argonaut of February 16th. It is a tale of posthumous revenge, the principal character being a prosecuting attorney whose ambition leads him to secure the conviction of an innocent man, and who is thereafter haunted by a "reaching hand"—a dead wrist and hand that appear to him and seem to be always clutching and reaching at him.

Every owner of a horse should examine its mouth at least once a year, as the molars grow fast, become ragged and tear into the delicate tissues of the mouth. By catching a nail or a piece of iron the teeth become split and others grow long and have to be cut off. The nerves of a horse are said to be as delicate as those of a human being, and they suffer just as much from bad teeth as we do.

Smith Valley is preparing to erect a creamery.

MARRIAGE

SHARPE-GALLAGHER.—In Bridgeport, February 11th, by Hon. Wm. H. Virden, Superior Judge, Thos. C. Sharpe to Mrs. Maggie Gallagher, both of Clinton.

REPORT OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

TO THE HON. W. H. VIRDEN, JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

D. M. Walters, Public Administrator of said County, respectfully makes this his return of all Estates of Decedents which have come into his hands, and which still remain unsettled on the 31st day of January, 1892, in pursuance of the provisions of Section 1781, of the Code of Civil Procedure.

LETTERS GRANTED.

William Robson, January 31st, 1891.
Jacob Weaver, January 31, 1891.
J. K. Denison, July 24th, 1890.
Ah Quong Tia, July 19th, 1891.
William Mooney, July 20, 1891.
Ah Woon, July 31st, 1891.
William H. Stanton, September 19th, 1891.

APPRAISED VALUE OF ESTATES.

William Robson	\$ 530 00
Jacob Weaver	175 00
J. K. Denison	100 00
Ah Quong Tia	1,315 00
William Mooney	14,827 00
Ah Woon	181 00
William H. Stanton	437 10

MONEY WHICH CAME INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATOR.

William Robson	None.
Jacob Weaver	\$ 40 50
J. K. Denison	100 00
Ah Quong Tia	887 25
William Mooney	148 00
Ah Woon	122 00
William H. Stanton	425 50

FEES AND EXPENSES PAID BY ADMINISTRATOR FOR BENEFIT OF ESTATE.

William Robson	\$125 00
Jacob Weaver	100 00
J. K. Denison	100 00
Ah Quong Tia	567 98
William Mooney	528 38
Ah Woon	100 00
William H. Stanton	100 00

BALANCE CASH IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

William Robson	None
Jacob Weaver	None
J. K. Denison	None
Ah Quong Tia	\$ 362 20
William Mooney	4,499 29
Ah Woon	57 00
William H. Stanton	122 00

PROPERTY, EXCLUSIVE OF MONEY, IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

William Robson, Real Estate	\$ 830 00
Jacob Weaver, " "	1,160 00
Ah Quong Tia, " "	230 00

MONEYS BELONGING TO DECEDENTS HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED WITH THE COUNTY TREASURER AS FOLLOWS:

Ah Quong Tia	\$ 660 00
William Mooney	9,771 21
Ah Woon	180 00
William H. Stanton	207 00

MONEYS STILL REMAINING IN HANDS OF COUNTY TREASURER.

Ah Quong Tia	\$ 303 50
William Mooney	4,499 29
Ah Woon	57 00
William H. Stanton	122 00

The Decree of Distribution has been filed in the Matter of the Estate of William Mooney, and the sum of Four Thousand, Six Hundred and Ninety-nine Dollars, and Twenty-nine Cents (\$4,699 29) has been distributed and paid over to Ellen E. Hinds, of Gardner, Mass., one of the heirs at law of said deceased. The sum of Four Thousand, Four Hundred and Ninety-nine Dollars and Twenty-nine cents still remains in the hands of the County Treasurer, and will be turned over to the other heir at law, Mary Sullivan, of Stoughton, Mass., as soon as said heir appears to receive the same. The Real Estate belonging to said Decedent has been equally divided and distributed to said heirs.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF MONO.

D. M. Walters, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the Public Administrator of the County of Mono, State of California, and the foregoing is a full, true and correct return of all the Estates heretofore named; that he is not, and was not at any time interested in the expenditure of any kind of money on account of any estate he administered, nor is he connected in business or otherwise with any one so interested.

D. M. WALTERS,
Public Administrator.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of January, 1892.

J. D. MURPHY,
Clerk.

Indorsed:
Report of Public Administrator for term ending December 31st, 1891.
CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for D. M. Walters.
Filed Jan. 21, 1892. J. D. Murphy, Clerk.
(1892-6-1)

MISCELLANEOUS

PALACE SALOON.

(Brick Building)

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, ETC.

THOMAS FALES.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON.

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

and will be conducted first-class.

E. L. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

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Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon.

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THIS PAPER

THE

CHRONICLE-UNION

IS THE

PIONEER JOURNAL

OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE

SILVER MOUNTAINS.

THE USHER.

Who meets the people at the door
And waits them where there's room for more,
With gallantry and true grace?
The usher.

Who, with discrimination true,
Sets well-dressed strangers in a row
Well down the center in full view?
The usher.

Who, with a like discernment, knows
The power strangers by their clothes
And puts them in the rear row?
The usher.

Who, when he thinks the air is close,
Will open windows and expose
Us to the draught that through them blows?
The usher.

Who then, with such conspicuous care,
Will close the windows 'mid the stare
Of all the congregation there?
The usher.

Who is the center of all eyes,
But yet to all unconscious tries,
And wears the latest thing in ties?
The usher.

Who is it that the girls all know,
For whom they oft preferment show
And long to have him for their beau?
The usher.

Who in all doings has a share?
Whom could the ladies never spare?
Who sells the tickets at the fair?
The usher.

Who, though with follies now beset,
Thenceforth might gold you'll yet
The usher.

A DEATHBED MARRIAGE.

Confidential Revelation of Miss Grigg's Strange Illness.

"Yes, miss, certainly. I lived with Mrs. Birch—Miss Grigg that was before she married Mr. Birch. I knew all about that affair. It was very singular indeed—very. I'm not sure that I ought to mention it, for if a lady's maid can't hold her tongue she can't find good places. Dear me, I'm no talker. I'm as mum as a mouse. Bushels of pearl powder and quarts of rouge have I applied with my own hands, and never so much as hinted at. As for cotton, bless your heart, I've never breathed about it, and I did live with a lady once that took arsenic regularly for her complexion. That's no secret, for she took too much one day by accident and died."

"There was an inquest and it all came out. It's well it did, for suspicion pointed to her husband. Somehow, it always seems to strike a jury that a husband is the likeliest person to wish his wife out of the way. But this isn't anything about paint. Miss Grigg, being on the stage, made no secret of that. She played queens and such, miss. I've often had tickets given me and gone with my young man to see her act. And when she was haughty and carried her nose like, miss, and looked at other folks over her shoulder, and talked away down in her throat like a pigeon gargling, she was splendid, miss. It made think how nice it would be to be a queen and to take airs over everybody."

"Well, Miss Grigg was engaged to be married. Mr. Birch had fallen in love with her when she was playing Hamlet's ma. Perhaps you have seen the play, miss? The young man objects to his ma getting married the second time, so I seemed to make out, and acted most impudent, giving sass to his ma and his step-pa, and carrying on awful. And there was a poor young lady quite out of her mind that afterward got drownded."

"Well, she was playing Hamlet's ma and Mr. Birch fell in love with her and sent her a letter, and called and made an offer all in no time. She accepted him, of course, and the preparations for the wedding began. I don't think any lady ever had so many dresses before. Silks and satins and velvets and laces. Dear me, 'Mme.'—a whole establishment was had at work for a month, and if I'd had twenty fingers instead of ten, I'd have had use for them all."

"At last everything was finished. The trunks were packed, fifteen of 'em, miss, and fourteen were to go on that afternoon, and one—the one with the wedding and traveling dresses—was, of course, to be left and go with the bride when she started next day. She was to be married at ten o'clock in church and then drive home, have a splendid breakfast, change her dress and catch the three o'clock train. Of course I saw to the trunks, and was very careful; but just when I was needed most, just as the trunks were going downstairs, Miss Grigg called me."

"Miss Grigg was a lady who didn't like to wait. I went to her at once, miss, as was my duty, and I said to Bridget Dwyer, the chambermaid: 'Bridget, watch that black trunk and see that the men don't carry it off.'"

"Bridget understood with her elbows, of course, miss, and after I had been to the lady's end for two yards of blue ribbon of exactly such a shade as she wanted and got back I found that she had sent off the black trunk first of all, and was very proud of having been so careful. The trunks were all miles away by that time. There was nothing for it but to tell Miss Grigg. She flew at me, miss, I don't blame her for being angry. I wouldn't blame her in such a case. She flew at me violent, miss; and then, miss, she had spasms. She beat the sofa, she tore her hair, she screeched, and me all the while saying: 'Remember your eyes, miss. Think how you'll look. Your nose is swelling dreadful, miss.'"

"Finally she came to and bathed her face. And says she: 'Flora, what—ah!—I do?'

"I don't know, miss, said I, 'unless you put off the wedding until you telegraph for the trunk.'"

"No," said she, "that's unlucky; besides, one never knows. None ain't to be depended on."

"You might borrow a dress," said I.

"As if I'd be married in one that didn't fit me," said she. "Stop, don't speak a word. I've an idea."

"She sat with one finger on her lip for awhile. Then she said:

"My embroidered dressing-gown. The white one! That's here?"

"In the bureau, miss," said I.

"Very well," said she. "I'll be married in that. Telegraph for the trunk, Flora."

"The white dressing-gown, miss?" said I, nearly astonished out of my senses.

"Yes," said she, "the white dressing-gown, goose; you don't think I'm going to be married in church in that. I won't put off the wedding, and I won't stand up before a crowd in anything but my white satin dress! But I'll be married at the appointed hour for all that. So telegraph for my trunk and come back soon."

"When I came back I found Miss Grigg in bed and the doctor sent for. He was puzzled. I could see that. He couldn't tell what was the matter, and Miss Grigg was too faint to speak. He questioned me. I said she had been very much agitated. He prescribed something and went off, bidding me send for him if she seemed worse. The evening papers published the report that Miss Grigg was dangerously ill, and Mr. Birch came to the hotel in a terrible fright, as pale as a sheet, to ask how she was. I took him down her love, and she was very ill."

"I took her to the ladies' room, who came in: 'Leave me with my faithful Flora,' and we were left alone. I can't say that I was surprised when she at up in bed and said briskly: 'Lock the door, Flora. I'm sick of ying on my back. I've taken them in, haven't I? You see what I am about now?'

"Exactly, miss," said I, "to be too ill to be married when the time comes."

"No," said she, "to be ill enough to be married in the white dressing-gown. I'm going to be married on my dying-bed, Flora."

"I gave a screech and she laughed, and then she made a supper of arden and biscuits and wine, and she threw the medicine out of the window. Early next day the doctor came. I answered his question as to what sort of a night his patient had passed by saying she had been 'much the same.' And then I took a little note she had written to Mr. Birch."

"I knew what was in it. She told him 'that rather than leave the world without keeping her vow to him she would be married on her dying-bed. I powdered her up well, miss, and dressed her in the embroidered dressing-gown, with tuberoses at the throat. I pulled down the green shades and darkened the room. She fixed the pillows to prop herself up with and then skipped into bed."

"Give me my pearl bracelets," she said, "and the handsomest of those handkerchiefs and all my rings; and Flora, mind you must sob all through the ceremony; I'm going to be calm."

"We hadn't five minutes more, but just as the first knock came to the door she whispered: 'Oh, dear! if I only could have slow music. Couldn't you catch that "Travels" organ, Flora, and get him to play for half an hour, outside the window? He's always on the corner. Flora, I'll leave you something handsome if you do.'

"I did it, short as the time was. I caught the man and he ground out his quainter's worth."

"The clergyman was a very nice, neat, nearsighted old gentleman. Mr. Birch was the dearestest sight—pale as a ghost and shaking from head to foot. The groomsmen looked dreadfully sorry; the four or five intimate friends looked as though they were at a funeral; and to see her, with her calm smile and powdered face, one hand against her heart, the other in his—I was glad I'd been told to sob; I had to do something. And so they were married."

"I feel," said Miss Grigg, slowly, "that this, perhaps the last moment of my life, is very sweet. To die thus, with my hand in yours—ah! Dear friend, adieu. Flora, my faithful maid, take this ring." I saw her pick out the cheapest, but no matter. "Remember me by it. Now—leavens!"

"Then everybody kissed her and went out of the room sobbing."

"In a moment more there was a scream; Mr. Birch had fainted away. It took an hour to bring him to."

"The reporter of the evening paper was waiting outside for the news. It was published all over that night, but the next afternoon the traveling dress came back in the black trunk."

"Yes, miss, of course Miss Grigg—I mean to say Mrs. Birch—recovered at once. And that's the whole story. I'm the only one that knows it, and I wouldn't mention it to anyone but you, ma'am."—N. Y. News.

A New Kind of Rubber.

A new description of rubber, to which the name of rathite has been given, is now made in England. It had been found that pure rubber is unsuitable for many purposes on account of its great elasticity. For instance, railway buffers, if made of the pure material, are too soft to withstand the great crushing force often brought against them. Cycle tires, also, if too elastic, are apt to stretch off the rim of the wheel in spite of all attempts to fasten them by means of cement. The usual mode of counteracting the superabundant elasticity of rubber goods and at the same time reduce the cost of production is to add mineral powders, such as chalk or metallic oxides, litharge, zinc, etc. The new material, which supersedes all such combinations, is said to consist of pure rubber (combined with the usual proportion of sulphur to effect vulcanization) and silk fiber in a finely divided state. The result is an article which appears well adapted for all purposes where toughness and durability are desired rather than an extreme elasticity.

—One of the famous wits of New York, quoted the country over, was the late John R. Travers. It seems that Gen. Sherman and Mr. Travers were classmates at the West Point Military academy, although Mr. Travers did not graduate because of the impediment in his speech. He couldn't give the order to fire. The way he put it was: "Ready! Aim! F—!—!—! Shoot!"

THE ESCORTED GIRL.

She Is an Interesting Young Creature and You Like Her Way.

These are the days when the escorted girl is prevalent. You can tell her at a glance. The girl whose brothers are accustomed to take her about has an air of good-fellowship which is unmistakable. She isn't the escorted girl. Oh, no!

The escorted girl has the conscious air of having just discovered that she is desirable, but not having yet learned for a certainty that she is worth while. She has the consciousness of suspecting that man is her natural prey, but of not being certain that she will get the chance to devour him. She enjoys the sensation of being desired without the full knowledge that the desire will grow by what it feeds on. She feels her power, but does not quite know how to use it. She tries it, but with a slightly timid manner. She has not yet gained confidence. There is usually an open attempt to please in her manner, which draws marked attention to her. It is while she is in this state that she gives away more of her real nature than she ever does later. And it is while she is in this frame of mind that she comes under the hand of the girl who has been noting lately and for lack of a better classification have dubbed "the escorted girl."

There are women, I find, who never get beyond this stage. There are girls of suggestive possibilities who never realize all that they promise for some undefinable reason. They never grow sure of their rights, never wear them with authority. This class of women is not uncommon. I recollect them in my youth.

One often made great efforts to be made acquainted with them and never got any further. They are often prettier than less attractive girls, but lacking reality, they are only inspiring to the imagination. Femininity is hard to classify, however, and there is as much difference of opinion about it as about religion.—Boston Home Journal.

HOW HE SAVED SOULS.

Curious Methods by Which a Georgian Plucked Strands from the Burning.

The recent death of Miller Willis, the Georgian evangelist, revives many interesting stories concerning his life and methods. He was certainly the queerest character that ever preached the Gospel at a camp meeting, at which place he was generally found. His pure and holy life, however, was a model for all. But about his methods: He frequently stopped strangers in the streets and, planting himself in front of them, would announce some startling text and then disappear, leaving the man or woman to preach the sermon to his or her own filing.

For instance, he on one occasion stopped a stranger and shouted in his ear:

"This night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

Willis vanished. But a year afterward he met the man in another city. Willis had forgotten him, but the stranger knew him. Approaching him, he extended his hand and said:

"That text you shouted out so bravely to me on the streets of Millersville set me to thinking. It was the means of my conversion."

On another occasion, a dark and rainy night in winter, he passed a crowded hotel in the city of Charleston. Men were lounging and smoking in the lobby. Willis opened the door, but the little figure in dripping garments attracted no attention. Suddenly, after rapping loud on the floor with his heavy stick, every eye was turned toward him, when Willis said:

"There won't be a man in this house alive in fifty years from to-night!"

And he slammed the door and went out into the night.

Some time afterward he was approached by a young man on a street car, who introduced himself, saying:

"I have long desired to meet you and to thank you for saying what you did in the hotel lobby one winter night. Your words have been ringing in my ears ever since, and I am now a Christian man."

The above are facts within the writer's knowledge, says the Atlanta Constitution. Some people called him "Crazy Willis," but he was far removed from that. He went about doing good and his life was a blessing to many.

Dogs in Summer.

No one need be alarmed because dogs pant and hang out their tongues in hot weather. It is a way they have, and should not be regarded as necessarily indicative of distress or of impending hydrophobia. A dog, it is perhaps hardly necessary to remark, unlike a man or a horse, does all his sweating through the medium of his tongue, so that his hot weather symptoms are presented to the spectator in a condensed form, as it were. Give him plenty of water and he will be all right. It is astonishing, however, how much water dogs require, and how many city dogs of doubtful and indifferent ownership must suffer greatly from thirst in summer. A dog engaged in play or running about will, if he has the opportunity, lap up a little water every few minutes, and a supply should always be kept at hand (or should we say "at paw?") for him.—Boston Post.

Life Made Comfortable.

Borem—Still living in Jersey, eh?

Hustler—Yes; I have no thought of coming back to the city.

Borem—But it must be very inconvenient, forty minutes by train and fifteen by boat every day, and you've got to catch both right on the minute.

Hustler—That's what I like about it. You see when people buttonhole me and get to talking, ah I have to do it to jerk out my watch, mutter something about train time, and I get away without giving offense. See?

Borem—Ha, ha! That's good. That reminds me of a little thing Saphend was telling last—

Hustler—By the way, it's train time now. Ta-ta!—N. Y. Weekly.

An oil well has been struck in Ohio which runs 40,000 barrels a day.

GIVEN IN FIGURES.

The daily average of passengers carried over the Brooklyn bridge is 105,000.

It is estimated that the coal strata underlying Colorado exceeds 30,000 square miles.

The number of immigrants coming into the United States from 1891 to 1893 was 15,541,688.

The gold produced in Venezuela in 1890 amounted to 3,384 kilos, 525 grammes; value, \$1,040,505.

Seven hundred million gallons of mineral oil were exported from the United States during the past fiscal year. Its value was \$51,313,454.

The director of the mint estimates that the United States can rely upon producing at least \$33,000,000 per year in gold for several years to come.

Rev. A. W. MARR, the pioneer deaf mute preacher, writes: "The ratio of deaf mutes to the hearing is as 1 to 1,600, so there are over 40,000 in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world."

A PRELIMINARY report of the secretary of the treasury of the operations of the internal revenue bureau during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, shows that the total collections from all sources were \$146,035,370, an increase of \$3,440,680, as compared with the collections during the preceding fiscal year.

FOREIGN TID-BITS.

The population of France is 38,095,150.

Chinese immigration is being solicited by Mexico.

The month of May, 1891, was the wettest May in Europe for nearly seventy years.

There are nine medical men in England upon whom the title of baronet has been bestowed.

The total amount of life insurance in Great Britain is nearly identical with the total national debt.

The French make paper umbrellas, rendered wholly waterproof by gela-tined bichromite of potassium.

The interior of Labrador is said to be the largest unexplored area on the continent, and it has a waterfall with a sheer descent of two thousand feet.

The British government is said to be taking active steps toward learning from the inhabitants of Wales where they would like to have their national capital.

During the past year 23,017 persons visited the birthplace of Shakespeare, as compared with 12,300 in 1880. The year shows a balance of over \$1,500 to the credit of the birthplace.

PITHY AND POINTED.

EARTH has no greater joy than the discovery of a quarter in a cast-off vest.

A GREAT many people are like ear horses. These animals snap and bite at the tow horse when he is helping them up a hill or around a sharp curve.

The canvas of the camping-out party is not all that fancy painted it, in a cyclone. The wind does all the blowing about nature at that time.—Boston Gazette.

"WHAT value should a woman place upon her complexion?" asks a correspondent. You can't fix a rule in such cases. It depends somewhat upon what she paid for it.

THERE are probably times in every man's life when he feels that he would like to cut loose from everything and run, if he only knew of some place to run to.—Athenian Globe.

Most people put on a boiler-iron jacket when they go to church. Then they sit and amuse themselves by watching the truths glance off their own shoulders and hit other people. Occasionally they fly back and hit the preacher.—Danville Breeze.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The savings banks of California have \$114,000,000 on deposit.

An ornithologist says that birds frequently commit suicide.

BEEFSTEAK and black coffee are said to have reduced a lady of 183 pounds to 140.

RIVAL squires are marrying eloping couples free of charge at Jeffersonville, Ind.

A CIRCASSIAN mother's first care is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes.

HICKORY tires are coming into use for bicycles. They are easier on the rider than the metal, being more elastic.

The number of buffaloes now in the Yellowstone national park is nearly five hundred, showing a slow rate of increase.

The constant use of the left ear at telephone receivers is said to produce a marked excess in the sensitiveness of that organ.

COLUMBIA, Mo., is the only city in the United States whose census figures are even thousands. The city has four thousand people.

JUSTIFIABLE CLAIMS.

THE most complete failure on record was that of a dry goods store in Carthage, Mo. The sheriff found just three cents in the money drawer.

THE island grape-growing district of Lake Erie, near Sandusky, claims the possession of one of the largest wine casks in the world, made of Ohio oak and containing thirty-six thousand gallons.

GLADWIN, Mich., claims the largest frame barn in the country. It is one hundred and fifty-six feet long, fifty feet wide and three stories high, a distance of seventy-three feet from the ground to the apex.

OFFICER John Rollings, whose post is at the corner of Thirteenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, claims to be the tallest policeman in the United States. His height is 6 feet 8 inches, and weight 340 pounds.

CINCINNATI claims to have the tallest policeman in America. The man who enjoys the unique distinction is John Hanlon, who was recently appointed as sub-patrol. Mr. Hanlon is 58 years of age, is 6 feet 6½ inches in height and weighs 305 pounds.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

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